

Celebrity's Child

That sad, stumbling child
With her round hollow eyes
Was eaten alive before she was ten.
Her famous parents were too busy
Talking themselves, strutting,
Gloating and appeasing giant egos,
That she was casually tossed in the salad
One day, and being occupied with chewing,
(Majestically), they didn't hear her small
Protest.

— Veryl Blatt

Detroit, Michigan

His joy was white and dry and cold;
His beater: fall
(Swathe-hacker for the white giant);
His song was silence.

I knew him briefly, in the spring.
As green shot, he drooped,
Wore dark glasses, and went unshaven
To protect his face.

July was hell.
He had, by then, retreated
To some air-conditioned darkness
And fell ill of terror.

I heard that just before
His master's herald reappeared
He died. These few stranger's lines
Are all that survive of him.

— T. P. Shoenfield

Brooklyn, New York

Received and Noted: "God Is My Flesh" by Trevor
Goodger-Hill (\$2.50 from author, 81 Oscar St.,
Montreal 18, Quebec, Canada) Poetics without the